

THE KENNA RECORD.

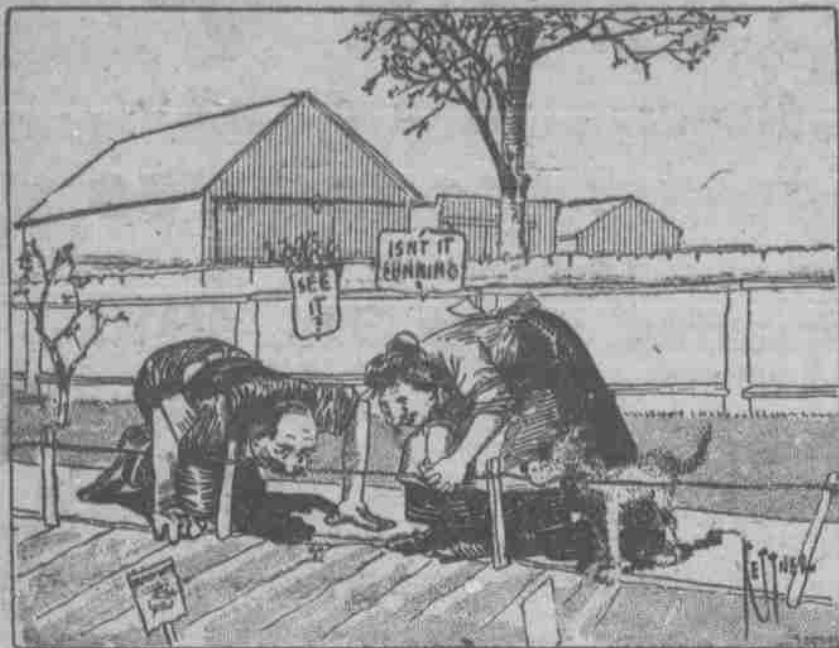
VOL. 10.

KENNA, CHAVES COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY,

MAY 26, 1916.

NO. 15.

AT LAST!



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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Chaves County Teachers' Institute.

The Chaves County Teachers' Institute will be held at the Central School Building in the City of Roswell, beginning Monday, June the 5th, 1916.

It will continue for two weeks. The examinations for teacher's certificates will be held on Friday and Saturday, June 16th and 17th.

Supt. W. O. Hall will serve as Conductor, and Prof. W. C. Todd and Miss Dorothy Russell will serve as additional instructors.

The Manuals have not yet arrived, having been delayed on account of failure to procure paper upon which to print them. I cannot at this time say when they will be out but trust it will be soon. Teachers should be prepared to pass reading circle examinations. The reading circle books may be procured by writing Chas. H. Feld Co., Albuquerque.

1. For teachers with first grade elementary or professional certificates:

(a) "Sociology and modern Social Problems," price \$1.00. American Book Company, Chicago.

(b) "The Rural School—Its Methods and Management," price \$1.00. Silver Burdett & Ginn, Chicago.

2. For teachers with second and third grade elementary certificates:

(a) "Everyday Pedagogy," price \$1.00. Ginn and Company, Chicago.

(b) "Rural Life and Rural School," price 80 cents. American Book Company, Chicago.

The Institute fee will be two dollars. Examination fee will be one dollar. Good board may be procured at the many boarding houses and in private homes at reasonable rates. Will be glad to have you with us.

Respectfully,
C. C. Hill,

County Superintendent of Schools.

Bumper Fruit Crop in Espanola Valley, N. M.

Santa Fe, N. M., May 14, 1916. There will be a bumper fruit crop, especially of apples, in the Espanola valley north of here this year, according to Samuel Eldred of Chamita, former territorial treasurer. The Espanola valley is one of the finest fruit sections of northern New Mexico. The apricot crop was the only one to be seriously damaged by frost and the yield of apples will be bigger than for years.

Accurate Road Data.

Road data from 20,000 postmasters of cities and towns located along the 100,000-mile national highway route projected by the National Highway Association, is being gathered in Washington to aid in the association's campaign to obtain a system of federal-built roads. To do this, fifty tons of mail, filling 500 sacks, have been mailed out from the association's headquarters. In order to obtain accurate data it was necessary to place the most modern and best drawn maps in the hands of the postmasters. —Beaumont Enterprise.

"We are all for it. Some for war! Some for defense!! Some for peace!!! There can be no real preparedness for war, for defense or for peace, without National Highways and Good Roads Everywhere."

The National Highways will also act as State Highways and as County Roads and Town and Township Roads for the localities through which they pass. Their building and maintenance by the National Government will thus relieve the state, the county and the community of the cost of building and maintaining these trunk highways and give each and every one of them one, two, three or more principal highways, as the case may be, built and maintained free of expense to the local community.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Roswell, N. M.

May 11, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that Walter T. Scott, of Redland, N. M., who, on July 1, 1913, made H. E. Serial No. 03704, for E. 1/4, Sec. 13, T. 6 S., Range 24 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three-Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Redland, N. M., on June 30, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
William E. Brumley, William D. Strimay, George H. Strimay, Louis H. Propus, all of Redland, N. M.

Emmett Patton, Register.

May 19-June 16

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., May 3, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that William Pickett Graves, of Eaglehill, N. M., who, on June 21, 1915, made H. E. Serial No. 03206, for S. 1/4, Sec. 24, and N. 1/4, Section 25, Township 7 S., Range 31 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. E. Goebel, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Eaglehill, N. M., on June 12, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Albert G. Atkinson, William W. Post, Claude C. Freeman, Monroe J. Brown, all of Eaglehill, N. M.

Emmett Patton, Register.

May 12-June 9.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Roswell, N. M., May 14, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Henry Ernst of Boaz, N. M., who, on June 10, 1909, made Add'l H. E. Serial No. 01874, for NW 1/4, Sec. 24, and S. 1/4, Section 25, Township 7 S., Range 30 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Don C. Savage, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Kenna, N. M., on June 29, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles E. Neiz, George W. Overly, John P. Kistner, William Boyer, all of Boaz, N. M.

Emmett Patton, Register.

May 19-June 19

File Destroys Portales Creamery

Portales, N. M., May 20.—The Roosevelt creamery was burned at 1 o'clock this morning and is a total loss. The cause of the fire is unknown. One arrest made. The loss is partly covered by insurance. Plans for rebuilding are said to be on foot.

Installs a Paper Baler.

Isaacs, hardware man of Clayton, N. M., has ordered a paper baler which will be accessible to the public for baling rags and paper. Mr. Isaacs has made the suggestion that some of the orders of that town start a campaign for saving waste paper and rags and believes that it would not only keep the place free from old papers and rags but would net a goodly sum for the organization. —Panhandle Weekly.

Results in District No. 2.

In last week's issue we published the result of the Primary election from the figures given us from Roswell. A later report from E. D. Bowser, chairman of Central Committee shows a different figure for Commissioner, District No. 2, as follows:

| | |
|-----------|-----|
| Cooper | 361 |
| Tatum | 312 |
| Lusk | 429 |
| Berryhill | 478 |

This makes a total of 1580 votes cast for commissioner in District No. 2, or more than half the votes cast in the entire county.

SHORE LEAVE.

By ELLIS WAKEMAN.

When the Reliance dropped anchor off Block Island during the maneuvers around Newport and Point Judith, Tinkham appeared to have a settled melancholy descend on him.

Deborah. That was her name. Funny, sweet, little old-fashioned name, he thought, Deborah Allan. She had been born right there on the island, 15 miles out from the mainland, and to Tinkham she seemed as sweet and rare as one of her own island pond lilies the barefooted boys brought around the hotels 224 docks.

All he had done that first day was to look at her and say, "Hello, sweetheart!"

And she had cuffed him soundly, her big, dark eyes ablaze with swift anger, her little hand stinging in its rebuke.

"You boys from the ships think you own the island the minute you land here," she had told him. "And we're

not that sort."

She wasn't "that sort," either. A bit of "Mandalay" had always made him think of her in the long cruises later on. "I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land."

She had boxed his ears, but she had also all unwittingly given him a new ideal of girlhood, and in his own way he had tried to fit his standards of life to the new picture.

Somewhere he had learned that she played the organ up at little St. Ann's-by-the-Sea, and he had slipped into one of the back pews to listen to her just for one Sunday, his "neater, sweeter maiden." Also, before the ships had slipped away toward Newport, he had found a chance of meeting her father. The old man had been busy talking the seams in his sailing boat and Tinkham had spent all his morning one day helping him and telling him stories of navy life. His reward had come when Deborah came down to call her father to dinner, and they had met properly and rightly, and he had held her hand in greeting.

His time was up in September. If he could only be sure she was still there in the little white house on the shore road. He stayed on board and hugged his memory of her, afraid to risk the truth. Then Grimman came back and told him, big Grimman of the gunners' mess.

"She's still here, Tink," excitedly. "Seen her today myself. She's all alone up there. Lost her father in the March blizzards."

"Dead?" asked Tinkham.

"Sure. She's all alone, I'm telling you. Thought you'd like to know."

"Thanks," answered Tinkham, and the next day he got shore leave. As he turned up the beaten track to the cottage, he lifted his cap and tucked it under his arm for all the world the way he had the day he went to hear her play in church. Then, finally, he stood at the green screen side door, tapping, he, Tinkham of the navy, with a year between him and a girl who had boxed his ears.

But he had full revenge. She came quickly from the inner room and saw him, and the color rose to her face as she gave a quick, indrawn little gasp and laughed to cover it.

Tinkham had rehearsed all sorts of proper speeches all the way along the road, and now he stood silent, adoring her, and all he could think to say was: "My time's up in September. I'm on shore leave today."

She gave him a chair on the little porch looking seaward, and they sat down.

"Did you think I'd come?" he asked. "Didn't you even remember me?"

She glanced from him to the boat lying keel up down on the sands. "Yes, I remembered. Dad liked to talk to you best of the boys that came up here from the ships."

"You'll never like me, 'cause I spoke to you that day, will you?" he asked hungrily. "I didn't say anything only—"

"I remember what you said." She smiled at him from under her long lashes. "It's just what all of them say to any girl."

"If I said it today it wouldn't be the same," said Tinkham doggedly. "I'd mean it. That's what I came ashore for. I guess I've thought about you every day for a year, and when I heard about your trouble I had to come. I've only got one more month to serve then I'm going out home to see my mother and sisters. But I'm coming back. I can't get away from the sea. I like it right here. Maybe it's you that makes the island seem wonderful. I don't know, but I feel it right here."

Tinkham stopped and waited. He was not given to eloquence. Love seemed to leave him wordless and smitten with its glory. Deborah was looking past him out to sea, where the warships lay, gun metal gray in the morning light on the sapphire water.

"I'm coming back in September. It there isn't anybody else—" She shook her head quickly, and Tinkham's blue eyes sparkled. He leaned toward her eagerly, throwing his challenge to fate.

"Hello, sweetheart!" he whispered, not as he had said it that first day, but with all his heart's longing in his voice, all his life's hope in the call. Hello, sweetheart!

And Deborah, blushing softly, stretched out her hand to him.

"Hello, boy!" she answered. "I kind of thought you'd come ashore."

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